

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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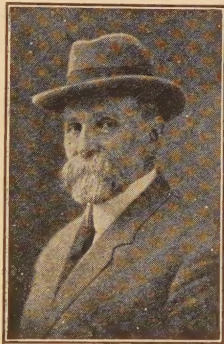
THE STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES THE EXPLORERS

By *ALBERT BUSHNELL HART*
Professor of Government, Harvard University

FERNANDO DE SOTO

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

JOHN SMITH



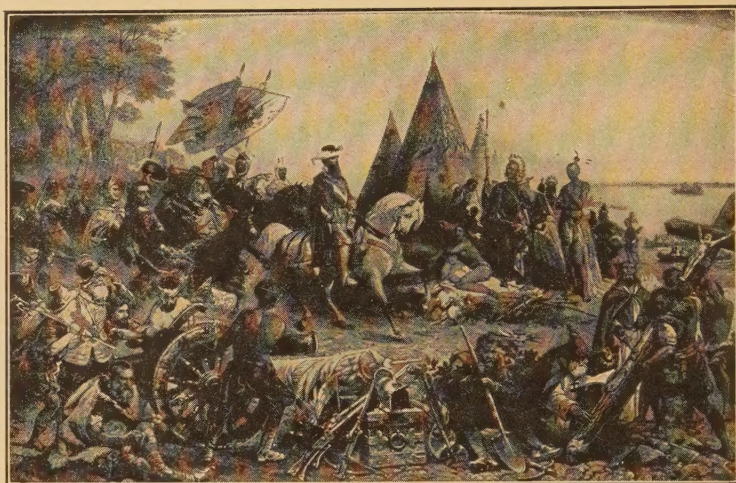
VASQUEZ CORONADO

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

MYLES STANDISH

WHY does that unreal book, *Swiss Family Robinson*, appeal to generation after generation of readers? Because every member of that impossible family is always finding something new, regardless of latitude and circumstance. On the same day Papa shoots a bison; Mama tames a zebra; Fritz finds a field of potatoes, all weeded by Nature and ready to dig; Ernest makes a pet of a kangaroo; and Jack trains a chimpanzee to ride a llama. The reader has a new sensation every time he turns a page. This love of novelty, this desire to make known the unknown, was one of the motives of the men who first pene-

trated into the islands and continents of America, and found there strange trees, strange beasts, and strange people. The discoverers operated at arm's length; they touched at or coasted leagues of land of which they hardly saw the treetops. The explorers' task and glory was to plunge into strange and dangerous countries, and those who were left alive came back with true tales which far surpass the miscellaneous adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson.



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI

SPANIARDS

It took some years after the first discovery for the Spaniards to realize that there was an enormous stretch of continent before them. It was just twenty years after Columbus's first voyage that Ponce de Leon began the exploration of the interior of North America by civilized men. He landed on a coast which he called Florida, not because it was flowery, but because it was in the Easter season, the "Pascua florida." Before the attempt could be renewed upon that part of America, Cortés had broken into Mexico and established the first Spanish colony on the continent; then followed the conquest of Peru and the founding of a permanent Spanish settlement there. These conquests were in many ways a misfortune, not only for the hapless natives who were killed and enslaved by their merciless conquerors, but also for the Spaniards, since it gave them the idea that the two continents of America were inhabited by weak and defenseless people who could be overcome and plundered. For many years the main purpose of the Spanish explorations was to find more gold-bearing soil and gold-possessing natives.



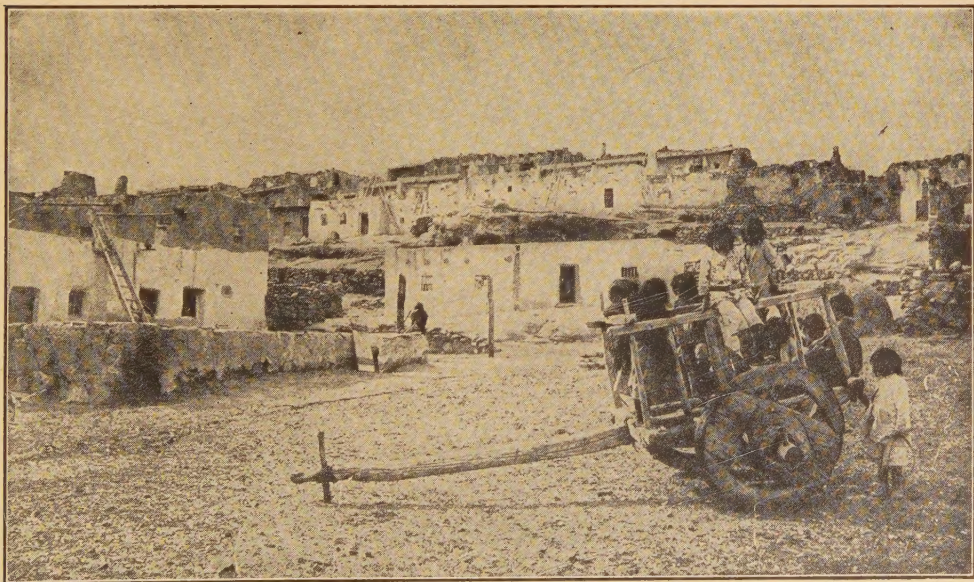
FERNANDO DE SOTO

T H E E X P L O R E R S

DE SOTO

This thirst for other people's wealth was the motive for the two most famous interior explorers of the sixteenth century, De Soto and Coronado. From 1527 to 1534 the Narvaez expedition along the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico whittled itself down from six hundred men to four survivors who somehow reached the Pacific coast of Mexico alive. How little they understood the country is shown by their crossing, or coasting, the delta of the Mississippi, without realizing that here was an immense continental river. But they brought back vague tales of the richness of the country through which they had passed, and Fernando de Soto took it up. He was a self-made man who had fought in Peru, and came back to Spain with immense wealth, which he was willing to put into the discovery of another Peru in North America, of which he would naturally be the viceroy. He easily raised a force of Spanish gallants "in doublets and cassocks of silk, painted and embroidered." He landed in Florida in 1539, and with several hundred men, three hundred horses, and a pack of bloodhounds struck off westward.

Here the Peruvian veteran, who was accustomed to hew through the ranks of his enemies a lane wide enough for ten men at arms, was made dis-



ZUÑI VILLAGE

One of the primitive villages of the Zuni Indians. Coronado was the first to explore the interior territories of the Southwest where these villages stand.

agreeably aware that the old families in that section were not hospitable to strangers. Cortés and Pizarro had smashed through the armies of Mexico and Peru; but the fierce, wild tribes of North America for the first time showed what they could do against European soldiers. Though their arrows rebounded from the Spanish armor, they hung upon the advancing column like bloodthirsty wolves. In the pitched battle of Mavila, somewhere near the present Mobile, they killed eighty-two Spaniards and wounded five hundred more.

With obstinate courage De Soto kept on westward and northward, zigzagging through what is now Alabama and Mississippi, and in 1541 his little army came out on the banks of a river "half a league over—very deep and very rapid, and being always full of trees and timber, which was carried down by the force of the stream; the water was thick and very muddy." Crossing the stream he marched northward into what is now southern Missouri, and was the first European to fall in with the immense buffalo herds. He had nowhere found gold



CLIFF PALACE

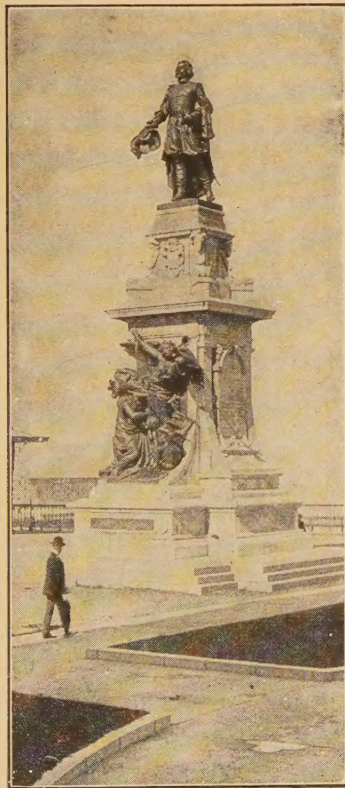
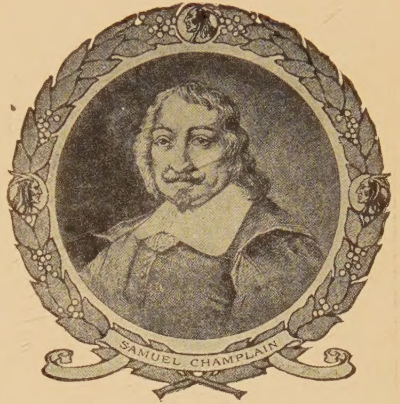
An interesting ruin of a great dwelling place of the prehistoric cliff dwellers.

nor cities, and did not in the least appreciate that he was the first white man to traverse one of the richest bodies of agricultural land in the world. He marched and countermarched with very little purpose, and in 1542 died, and was buried in the stream he had discovered. Three hundred of his men managed to get down the river and to reach Mexico in safety, after four years of struggle through forest and swamp since their landing on the coast of Florida.

C O R O N A D O

Long before the survivors brought their tale of disappointment, another expedition had pushed up from Mexico northward, under the command of Coronado. It was drawn by tales of seven wealthy cities,

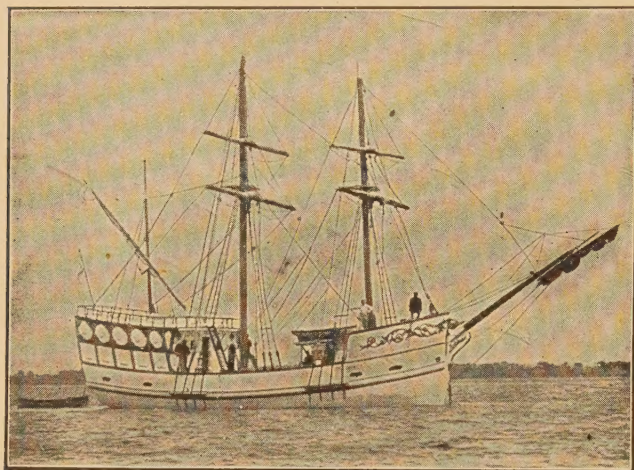
of which Cibola was the chief. A monk, Friar Marcos, sent a negro named Estevan, one of the Narvaez survivors, to reconnoiter these cities, and Estevan sent him back a flowery account of "seven very large cities all under one lord, with large houses of stone and lime—on the portals of the principal houses there are many designs of turquoise stones." Estevan did not come back to verify these tales, because he became unpopular in local circles, and at that time, in that part of the world when a man was unpopular it was thought to be the suitable and appropriate thing to torture him to death.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT AT
QUEBEC, CANADA

Nevertheless the Spaniards in Mexico were certain that the seven cities were rich in gold, and that here was another chance to enrich a conqueror. Therefore, in 1540 Vasquez Coronado was designated as commander and started northward, and he shortly captured Cibola, drove out the Indians and found—quantities of corn! That was all there was of the fabled wealth of Cibola; for the tale of the seven cities was true. Only they were not cities at all; but pueblos of the Zuñi and other Indians. One member of the expedition got as far as the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, probably not far from the wealth-absorbing spot now crowned by the Hotel El Tovar.

Then Coronado heard of a rich place called Quivira; and in 1541 he started off northward, and reached a point not far from the present site of Omaha. Nowhere was there any gold, and in many places there was hard fighting with the Indians; and in 1542 Coronado marched back into the city of Mexico, "very sad and very weary, completely worn out and shamefaced." Nobody suspected that a few hundred miles northwest of Cibola were the placers and quartz ledges of Col-



MODEL OF CHAMPLAIN'S CARAVEL, DON DIEU

of North America; but they had a perfectly clear road to follow. Instead of aimless wanderings they knew not whither, they started in on the St. Lawrence, gradually pushing up its course through the river and the Great Lakes till after more than sixty years' effort they forced their way across the divide and down the Mississippi. The French had no deluding hope of finding gold; but they expected to make a quantity of it by the fur trade, of which the St. Lawrence was the natural outlet. Furs and skins were absolutely the only thing that the Indians could trade to the white-faced strangers, who brought beads and hatchets, iron pots, firearms, and powder. The French were canny enough not to begin like the Spaniards with fighting their Indian neighbors.

CHAMPLAIN

To open up this gateway was the special task of Samuel de Champlain, "Captain in Ordinary to the King in Marine"; that is, a captain in the navy. Champlain had wandered among the Span-

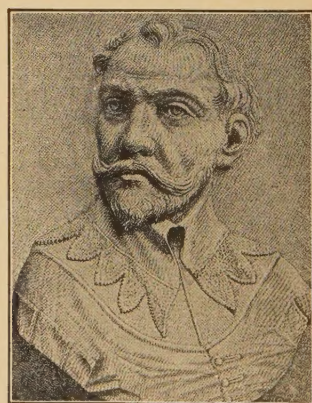
orado. The failure of these two expeditions is probably the reason why the Spaniards were so half hearted about exploring the western coast of North America, why they never discovered the Bay of San Francisco till more than two centuries later.

THE FRENCH

Nearly a hundred years passed before the French began to make their way into the interior



DRAKE



HAWKINS

T H E E X P L O R E R S

ish possessions, and was one of the first people to suggest a Panama canal, and he eagerly joined in the attempts of the French to found colonies in what is now Nova Scotia and Canada. In 1603 he got up the St. Lawrence River as far as Lachine Rapids, and in 1608 founded the little town of Quebec on the shore of the river underneath the cliff.

Now enters upon the stage of American history that wonderful group of Indians, the Five Nations, the fierce and adventurous Iroquois. From their "long houses," in what is now central New York, they sent marauding parties toward every point of the compass, to murder, to capture, and to torture. Among the tribes who feared the very name of Iroquois were the Hurons, living near the Great Lakes, and their allies the Algonquins, on the lower St. Lawrence. Champlain made it his policy to aid these people, who controlled the river; therefore in 1609 he joined them and explored the Richelieu River, and entered the beautiful lake to which Champlain's name has been given. Near the present Crown Point they met a band of Iroquois, and Champlain and his two French companions with their arquebuses put two hundred of them to flight.

It was a momentous battle, for it made friends of the Hurons of the upper river; but for nearly a hundred years the Five Nations held the French as enemies; and many a Frenchman was gashed, dismembered, and roasted to make clear to the French what Iroquois hostility meant. Six years later Champlain reached Lake Huron by the route through the Ottawa River, since that route was farther away from the dreaded Iroquois. Champlain is the first example of the politic and friendly Frenchman, gathering Indians about him and making them his allies, as against the Spanish method of enslavement and the English method of destruction.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE ENGLISH

The English, in the early times, were much fonder of long expeditions by water than by land; and no bolder spirit ever lived than the English sea dogs. Think of Sir John Hawkins sailing into San Juan de Ulloa on the Mexican coast with three small ships, being blockaded by thirteen big Spanish ships, and fighting his way out with one of his craft! Think of Drake starting out with five ships to assail the Spanish vessels and towns

in the Pacific! Think of Raleigh, twice reaching and partly exploring Guiana, which he thought was the fabled El Dorado, and which is exactly the country where they are now trying to work valuable gold mines!

Nothing ever daunted Sir Walter Raleigh!

RALEIGH

As an explorer, except in Guiana, Raleigh worked through others; for he was one of the earliest English-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



POCAHONTAS

men to conceive the idea of permanent English settlements in North America. With his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, they got one of the earliest patents ever issued by the English government for a colony, and tried in vain to set up a plantation in cold and rugged Newfoundland. Undiscouraged, Raleigh put his own money and that of such friends as would subscribe to the stock into founding a colony on another part of the American coast, which, in compliment to his patroness, Queen Elizabeth, he named Virginia. Two of his ships, in 1584, under command of Amidas and Barlow, explored Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and brought back a glowing report of "the soile the most plentiful, sweete, fruit full and wholsome of all the worlde—fourteene seureall sweete smelling timber trees—the people most gentle, louing, and faithfull, voide of all guile and treason, and such as liue after the maner of the golden age." Thrice in succession did Raleigh attempt to plant a colony in that favored region, and thrice was it destroyed by disease or the



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AT JAMESTOWN



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

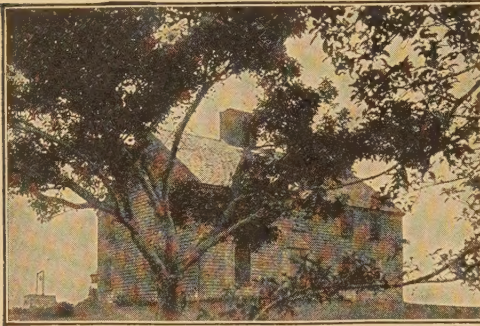
Reproduced from a painting by George H. Boughton. It pictures the danger attending the Pilgrim's life even in his most peaceful pursuits.

savages; but Raleigh's work taught the people of England what the new country was, and led to the settlement of Jamestown twenty years later.

JOHN SMITH

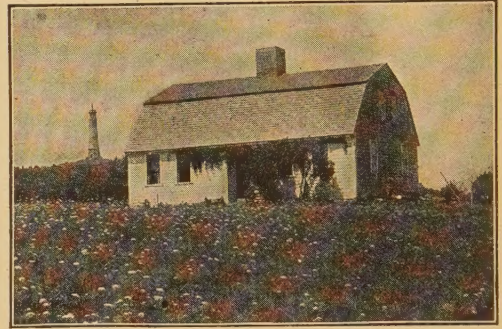
Of all the early English colonists the man who showed most curiosity about the country back of the coast where the English settled was Captain John Smith. He wrote his own memoirs, and may be depended upon not to undervalue Captain John Smith. Hardly had the Englishmen landed at Jamestown when Smith was one of an exploring expedition up the James River, where he forthwith fell in with Indians, "kindely intreating vs, daunsing and feasting vs with Strawberries, Mulberries, Bread, Fish." To which the English courteously replied with "Bels, Pinnes, Needles, beades or Glasses." All the early explorers report that the Indians had a knack in making rude maps showing the course of rivers and the place of lakes. Champlain and John Smith were both glad to take advantage of these native American geographers.

Smith explored once too often, and was caught by Powhatan. His hosts were on the point of braining him, when Pocahontas appeared. Pocahontas was not quite the nice little girl described by modern writers; but she saved John Smith from the hatchet—else how could there be so many pictures of the scene in the school textbooks? Smith lived to wander and



JOHN ALDEN HOUSE

at Duxbury, Mass., where John and Priscilla Alden lived for several years. The house was built in 1653.



STANDISH HOUSE

Built by Alexander, second son of Myles Standish, at Duxbury, Mass., 1666.

to make maps for other people's use. He loved out-of-door life and the roof of the blue sky; but apparently it never entered his mind to start off in the wilderness as De Soto and Champlain did.

M Y L E S S T A N D I S H

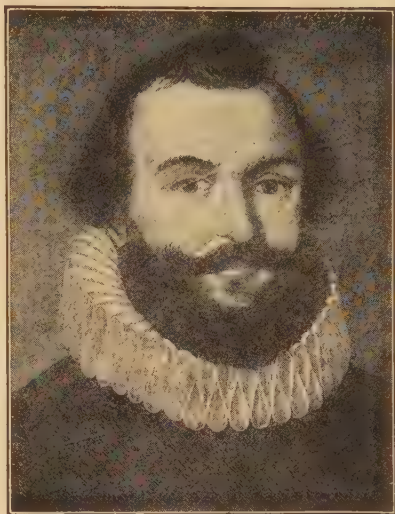
Captain Myles Standish was an explorer of the military type. He went where he thought his enemies could be found. That "little pot soon hot" was commander of the first Puritan exploring party, that army of sixteen men "well armed" which explored the western coast of Cape Cod and discovered "diverse faire Indean baskets filled with corne." In 1625 he headed an expedition to deal with "Mr. Weston's men in ye bay of Massachusetts," who were in trouble with the Indians and could not get enough to eat. In 1635 he made an excursion to the Penobscot to reason with some Frenchmen who had acquired goods of the Plymouth men without the formality of payment. The men of Plymouth knew the coast for hundreds of miles up and down, and like their neighbors of Massachusetts they sent out explorers into the back country. Governor Endicott early followed the Merrimac to its source in Lake Winnepesaukee, and there inscribed his initials on a stone showing the line of the northern boundary of Massachusetts.

T H E E X P L O R I N G S P I R I T

All the early explorers alike suffered from their total lack of knowledge of the country except as the Indians described it to them, and they believed most readily that part of the Indian tale which sounded most like gold. They suffered almost invariably from the hostility of the Indians,

T H E E X P L O R E R S

who at first were disposed to look on the strangers, with their white skins, horses, and firearms, as rather impolite gods; but soon learned that they had human passions and human bodies, and would die of starvation or of an arrow wound. Somehow the Indians did not like it when a party of them surrendered to Coronado on promise of mercy and were burned alive; just as the remnant of the Pequots in 1637 thought the Connecticut people savages because they all but exterminated their tribe. Food the explorers found without much difficulty, either by stealing it from the Indians, or by bargaining for it, or by hunting the abundant game. Their great enemy, as of so many later explorers, was disease. The American mosquito avenged his country hundreds of times by injecting poison into the veins of the invader. The mosquito was a more insidious foe and quite as mortal to the explorer, as the Indian. Nevertheless the explorers were preparing the way for the trader and the settler, and they go down upon the roll of brave and adventurous spirits who lived or died in order to give the world a better knowledge of itself.



MYLES STANDISH



GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH

Keeping Up



WE are what we are," say some, and rest with that—like derelicts on the stream of progress. But it is not for humanity to rest in contentment. We are born to hopes and aspirations. The world moves on, and to most of us existence is a longing and life is a daily urge. About us, others are seeking, learning, and growing, and we feel the imperative call. We must keep up.



THE desire for self-improvement is the root of growth, and this desire is stirred by the accomplishment of others. We rarely improve when we have no other than ourselves to copy. In seeking knowledge we need the stimulus and the encouragement of fellowship. As we see the joy of learning in our fellows and the sense of mastery that knowledge brings them, we instinctively summon our natural resources and sound the note of advance. We must keep up.



IT is not the brilliant minds that invite us and give us courage. We believe the philosopher who said "the industrious cultivation of moderate abilities is entitled to more esteem than a rare natural talent." It is not, then, the example of the gifted few, but the companionship of those of like abilities to our own that draws us on. We are all seekers, for we know that knowledge is gained only by seeking. Nature supplies food to the birds, but she does not put it in their nests for them.



IT is not in the narrow path of the cloistered scholar that we should seek. It is in the broad and open fields of knowledge, and the spirit that prompts us in seeking should not be one of selfish pride but one of human fellowship. The mind should not be simply a private storehouse to be stuffed full of goods; it should be a living fountain, drawing constantly from the sources of knowledge and giving out freely for the benefit of others.





It was the end of a sultry summer day in June, 1542. The sun was down in the west; twilight was falling. The turkey buzzards settled to rest, and all was quiet. Suddenly the brooding silence of the dense forest was broken. There came the sound of voices and the clink of armor. Through the underbrush and tangled vines,

cutting a way with their swords, burst two men. Before them swept a mighty, rushing river. They halted on the bank, and were joined in a few minutes by other soldiers bearing a canvas-covered figure.

Night had now fallen. Only a single torch of burning pine branches illuminated the darkness. The little band of men tied some logs together, placed upon them the body, weighted with a heavy stone, and floated this crude raft out upon the river. In midstream they quietly pushed the body overboard, watched the waters close over it, and then sadly made their way back to shore.

Such was the pathetic ending of Fernando de Soto, discoverer of the Mississippi River. His wife in Spain watched through many weary months for his return; but she watched in vain.

De Soto was born about 1500 at Badajoz, Estremadura, Spain. After leaving school he went in 1519 with his patron, Pedrarias, on an expedition to Darien in Panama. After this he explored the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan, and in 1532 led 300 volunteers to aid Pizarro in Peru. He helped to conquer the land of the Incas, and was so successful that when he re-

turned to Spain he possessed a fortune of 180,000 ducats. He married the daughter of his old patron Pedrarias, and settled down to a happy home existence.

But reports came to him of the fabulous wealth of Florida, and the wanderlust seized him again. Selling much of his property, leaving wife and friends and home, he set off in 1538 with several hundred foot soldiers and horses. From Havana he went, in 1539, to Tampa Bay on the west coast of Florida. Thence he led his men for four long years in a weary and unsuccessful search for gold, traversing much of the southeastern part of the continent, through dense forests, through terrible swamps, and across swollen rivers. He was a stern, cruel master, and fire and slaughter followed in the wake of his army. He reached the Mississippi in 1541, and spent the next winter in what is now Arkansas and Louisiana. Returning along the Mississippi the next summer, De Soto was stricken with fever and died.

His remaining followers descended the river on rafts, coasted the Gulf of Mexico, and at last arrived, a tattered and weary band, among their countrymen once more.

CORONADO ON THE TRAIL





As far as the eye could see stretched the endless desert. Nothing but sand and mesquit bushes, with the stinging cactus here and there, met the gaze of the fatigued soldiers dragging their weary way across the burning sands. Far away to the north and also to the west loomed mountain ranges; but they seemed too distant to be

reached in time. Horses and men were nearly famished. Time and again they had spied water with green trees about it, only to find that it was one of the grim jokes of this cruel land, and all had vanished on near approach. The sun poured down relentlessly; so that the metal of the men's armor burned like red-hot iron. The only other living things to be seen were two eagles sailing high in the sky. But relief was near; for in an hour the way led down a concealed arroyo. There at the bottom was water, brackish and hot, but still water, and men and beasts were saved.

This was the expedition led by Francisco de Coronado in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. Rumors of these stately cities, paved with gold and rich in gems, had come to Coronado in Mexico, and taking with him a company of horsemen, footmen, and friendly Indians, he set out in February, 1540, on one of the most remarkable expeditions in the history of the exploration of America. Over burning deserts, up barren and forbidding mountains of rock, through quicksands, over snow-covered passes of the Rockies, through deep and gloomy canyons, went the Spaniards.

The Seven Cities they discovered and captured; but they were only the pueblo dwellings of the Zuni Indians, mud-built

cities that may be seen today in New Mexico. And there was no gold but the gold of the setting sun.

Parts of the expedition discovered the Moki settlements of Arizona, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the Rio Grande was explored for a considerable distance. Winter was spent on this river, and it was here that the friendly Indians revolted unsuccessfully. They saw vast herds of buffalo, and, lured still farther by tales of an eldorado away to the northwest, Coronado and a few horsemen penetrated the interior as far as central Kansas, finding scattered Indian settlements; but the fabled wealth was never discovered.

The missionaries that accompanied the party remained with the Indians in the interior, and some of the rude churches erected through their efforts were among the first built in America. The return was made in 1542.

Coronado was born in Spain about 1500, and accompanied Antonio de Mendoza, first viceroy of Mexico, to that country in 1535. Here he married a wealthy woman and became governor of the province of New Galicia. After his two years of wanderings over this strange southwestern land Coronado drops out of sight. He is supposed to have died in 1545.



GNARLED oaks, majestic elms, here and there tall, whispering pines, clothed the hills and changed the early sunlight of the open into deep shade beneath their branches. There was a strange feeling of danger abroad. The birds had flown far back from the lake-shore and their songs had ceased. And well they prophesied!

Approaching from north and south came lurking figures, from the north, Algonquins and Hurons, from the south, Iroquois, creeping stealthily from tree to tree, their bodies hideous with vermillion and yellow paint. At last with a rush and yell of defiance the struggle began. Arrows whistled, tomahawks and knives rose and fell, and over all rose the bloodcurdling cries of the savages. Suddenly a deafening report startled the battling Indians, a white man stepped into the foreground with a smoking musket, then another, and a dozen more. The savages from the south, with a cry of despair, turned and fled. They were pursued and slain till the pursuers could go no farther. The guns of the white men had decided the battle.

So in 1609 did Samuel de Champlain cement this friendship and that of the French with the Algonquins and Hurons. And thus began the long struggle with Indians on each side, between the French and English; for the defeated Iroquois sought the aid of the English against the French.

Born at Brouage on the Bay of Biscay in 1567, Champlain learned much of the sea from his father, who was a sailor. He served too in the army, and was in com-

mand of a ship sent to the West Indies. From Vera Cruz he went inland in Mexico. In the manuscript of his adventures he made the suggestion of a canal at Panama, "by which the voyage to the south sea would be shortened by more than 1500 leagues."

In 1603 Champlain made his first voyage to Canada. He made friends with the Indians, and explored the St. Lawrence to the rapids above Montreal. Then, seeking a site for a settlement, he explored as far south as Cape Cod. In 1608 he planted a settlement at Quebec.

Champlain discovered Lake Champlain, long the most important highway between Canada and the English settlements to the south. He was again in Canada in 1611 fighting with and against the Indians, and established a trading post at Montreal. His two great desires were to find a way to the Indies and to convert the Indians. In 1613 he went as far as Lake Nipissing and the eastern shore of Lake Huron; but turned back. When Quebec was surrendered to the English in 1629, Champlain was taken a prisoner to England. On the restoration of Canada to the French he returned to his post as lieutenant governor in 1633, and died there on Christmas, 1635.





LONG a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, later the occupant of a dungeon in the Tower of London, and finally suffering death at the hands of the executioner, —this was the lot of Sir Walter Raleigh, poet, courtier, soldier, colonizer, one of the explorers of America. Born in Devonshire in 1552 of an old family, young Raleigh for a

time studied at Oxford, and later lived in the Temple, one of the great law schools of London. He then took part in several expeditions of discovery in which he lost money. He went to court in the train of the Earl of Leicester, and it was at this time that he is said to have thrown his cloak on the ground to let Queen Elizabeth walk upon it over a puddle. He rose into great favor with the queen, and received many gifts and privileges from her, being knighted in 1584. It is said that he first introduced the growing of tobacco and the potato into Ireland.

Raleigh made many attempts at colonization in America. In 1584 he sent his captain to Florida and as far north as North Carolina. Raleigh named all the land thereabout Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. In 1585 his colonists under Sir Richard Grenville made a settlement on Roanoke Island; but they deserted when Sir Francis Drake appeared there the following year. Other fruitless attempts were made in 1586 and 1587. The second colony was found massacred by the Indians. When the place was again visited in 1590, the third had disappeared absolutely without leaving a trace. The only message were the words "To Croa-

tan" cut in the bark of a birch tree. Croatan was an Indian village; but the sailors were too terror-stricken to go there, and from that day to this nothing has ever been heard of the colonists. In this colony were William and Eleanor Dare, whose daughter, Virginia Dare, was the first English child to be born on American soil.

Discouraged, Sir Walter Raleigh gave up his attempts at colonization. In 1603 he was accused of conspiracy, and was thrown into prison by James I, who had succeeded Queen Elizabeth. After many years he was released on his promise to James I that he would find a gold mine in America without intruding on Spanish possessions. He was allowed to make the attempt; but was warned that should he arouse the anger of Spain he would be put to death.

He sailed into the Orinoco the last day of 1617, ill with fever. He sent his son and the captain up the river, where they found a Spanish settlement and attacked it. Raleigh's son was killed, and no gold could be found.

True to his threat, King James promptly seized Raleigh on his return, and he was executed in 1618.



ARMS and feet bound with buckskin thongs, the prisoner showed no trace of fear. The clear gray eyes, set in his bronzed face, watched with apparent unconcern the grunting savages quit their council and approach him with the grin of fierce satisfaction on their faces. Nor did he wince when each savage as he passed cut him with

a stinging lash. But now the last moment had come. Tomahawk in hand, the chief warrior came over to the kneeling Englishman, while the surrounding warriors watched for a sign of weakening. The hatchet was raised; the kneeling man was inwardly bidding farewell to the fair world about him. Suddenly, quick as a panther, there sprang through the circle of Indians the chief's daughter. She threw herself upon the captive's neck and talked in her soft gutturals fast and vehemently. Her plea was successful; for the tomahawk was lowered and the captive freed. Thus, according to the oft-told tale, did Pocahontas save the life of John Smith, captain and governor of the colony of Virginia.

Born in 1579, John Smith was the eldest son of a tenant farmer in Lincolnshire, England, and early showed a love for adventure. He made a trip to France, became a soldier under Henry IV of that country, and then went to Holland. Returning, he erected a hut of boughs near a pretty stream in the country, and stayed there, reading the art of war and the essays of Marcus Aurelius. Then along came a man who fired his desire to war against the Turks. Starting for Rome, he was thrown into the sea as a heretic by the pilgrims on board; but managed to swim to an uninhabited island, whence he was rescued next day by a vessel bound for Egypt. He finally reached Hungary and entered the emperor's service against the Turks. In the presence of both armies, as a champion of the Chris-

tians, he beheaded three Turks in one day. In 1602 he was left wounded on the field, captured, and sent to Constantinople as a slave. There a princess fell in love with him. Fearing her mother's vengeance against Smith, she sent him to her brother Timor, in Tatary. Timor, suspecting the truth, put irons on him, clothed him in hair-cloth, and made him a slave in his harvest field.

One day the Englishman slew Timor, put on his clothes, hid the body, mounted his horse, and escaped, coming at last to Germany, where the Prince of Hungary met him and rewarded him for his feat against the Turks. Thence he wandered through Germany, France, Spain, Morocco, and back to England.

In 1606, with three vessels and 105 men, he set out to establish a colony in Virginia, where Raleigh's colonies had perished. The little fleet was blown into Chesapeake Bay, and finally found the James River. Jamestown was founded May 13, 1607. Privations followed,—food was scarce; Indians menaced; sickness appeared. Smith was everywhere, hunting, fighting with the Indians, bartering for food. New colonists coming, plotted against his life. In his boat asleep, they set fire to his powder. He was terribly burned, and jumping into the water was nearly drowned. He was sent home in 1609, and never returned. When contemplating a history of the sea, Smith died in 1632 and was buried in St. Sepulchre's, London.



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

THE EXPLORERS *Myles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla*

SIX

"So I have come to you now, with an offer
and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true,
Myles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

HOW the gruff, bluff captain of Plymouth, who was not afraid of bullets but could not face the "no" from a woman, forgot his own adage, "If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"; how he sent his good young friend, John Alden, to ask Priscilla the all important question; how

Priscilla blushing replied to Alden with another question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"—these are the familiar things associated with the name of Myles Standish, even though historians say that there is no foundation for the truth of this incident in the life of Standish.

However this may be, the bluff captain has attained wider fame through Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Myles Standish," than through anything he did in the way of exploration, and he will doubtless continue to be known in this way.

Myles Standish was born in Lancashire in 1584, had some experience in the wars in Holland, and when 36 years old, with his wife Rose, sailed in the Mayflower for America. Soon after landing at Plymouth, Standish became the military captain of the colony. He had command of the little army, and kept a sharp watch on the Indians. On one occasion when the Indians had conspired to massacre the

English their plan was discovered, and Standish and his men, falling upon the savages, killed them with the very weapons they had brought to use against the colonists. In 1625 he went to London to endeavor to secure the intervention of the council for New England in the affairs of the colony. This mission failed.

He fought the Indians on several occasions, and by his expeditions to keep them friendly or to punish them became familiar with the surrounding country. In 1628 he pledged himself in common with seven other members of the colony to pay \$10,000 to buy out the merchant adventurers who controlled the colony. Eleven years after landing Standish removed with William Brewster and settled at Duxbury, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1656.

On Captains Hill, near the old home at Duxbury, is a tall shaft, rising 110 feet, in memory of the old leader, while a bronze statue of him stands nearby.